Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by Margaret.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
Qu.M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.
Qu.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu.Ma. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aeiries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrow
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely
Thy garments are not ſpotted with o
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes n
The lips of them that breath them in
Qu.Ma. Ile not beleeue but they aſc
And there awake Gods gentle ſleepi
O Buckingham beware of yonder do
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and
His venome tooth will rankle thee to
Haue not doe with him, beware of hi
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their m
And all their miniſters attend on him
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my g
Q.Ma. What doeſt thou ſcorne m
And ſoothd the diuell that I warne th
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart wi
And ſay poore Margaret was a Pro
Liue each of you, the ſubiects of his
And he to you, and all of you to Go
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhe
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods h
She hath had too much wrong, and
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my kng
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of
I was too hot to doe ſomebody good
That is too colde in thinking of it n
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)